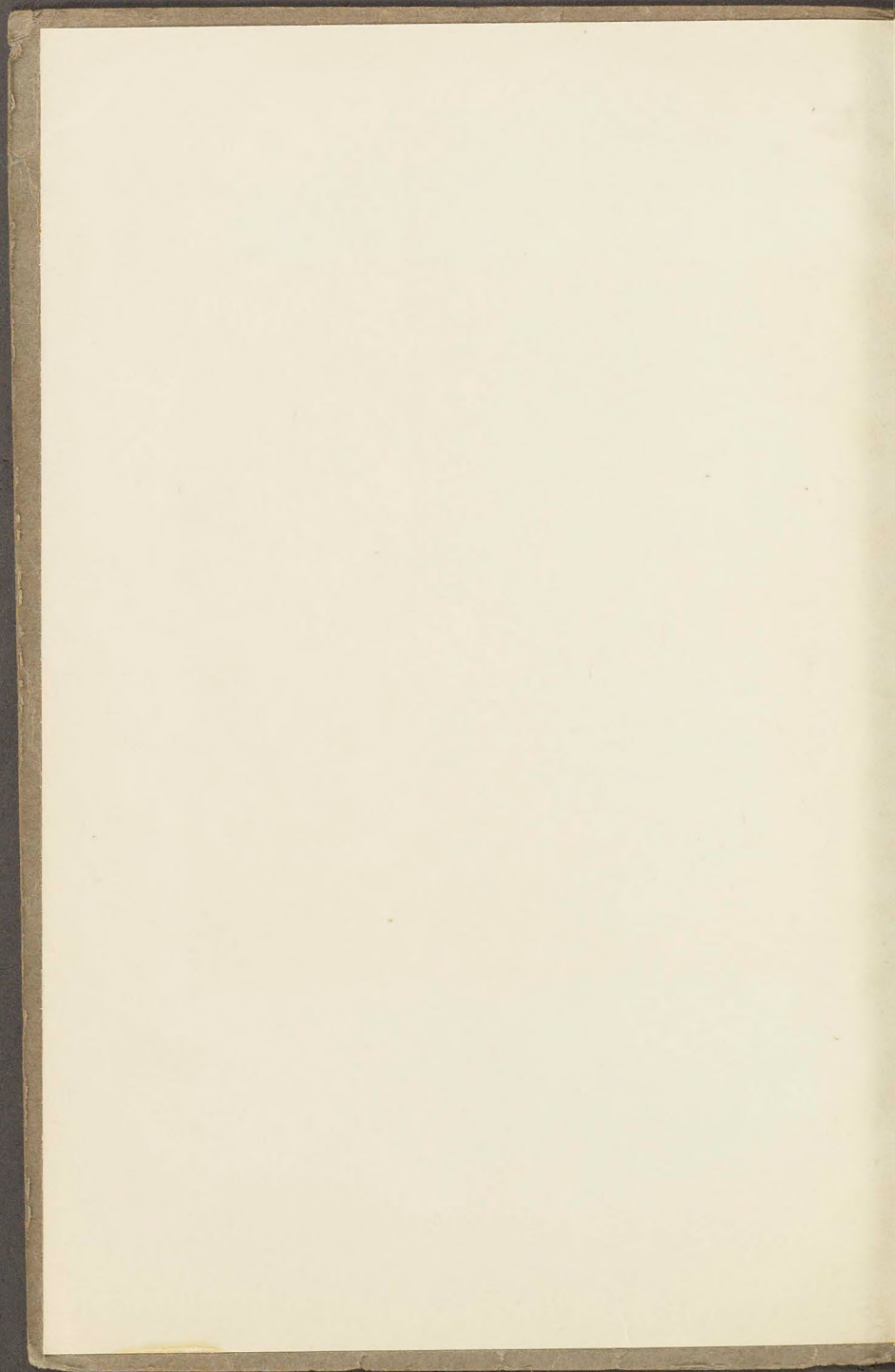


Adventures of a MEDICAL MAN

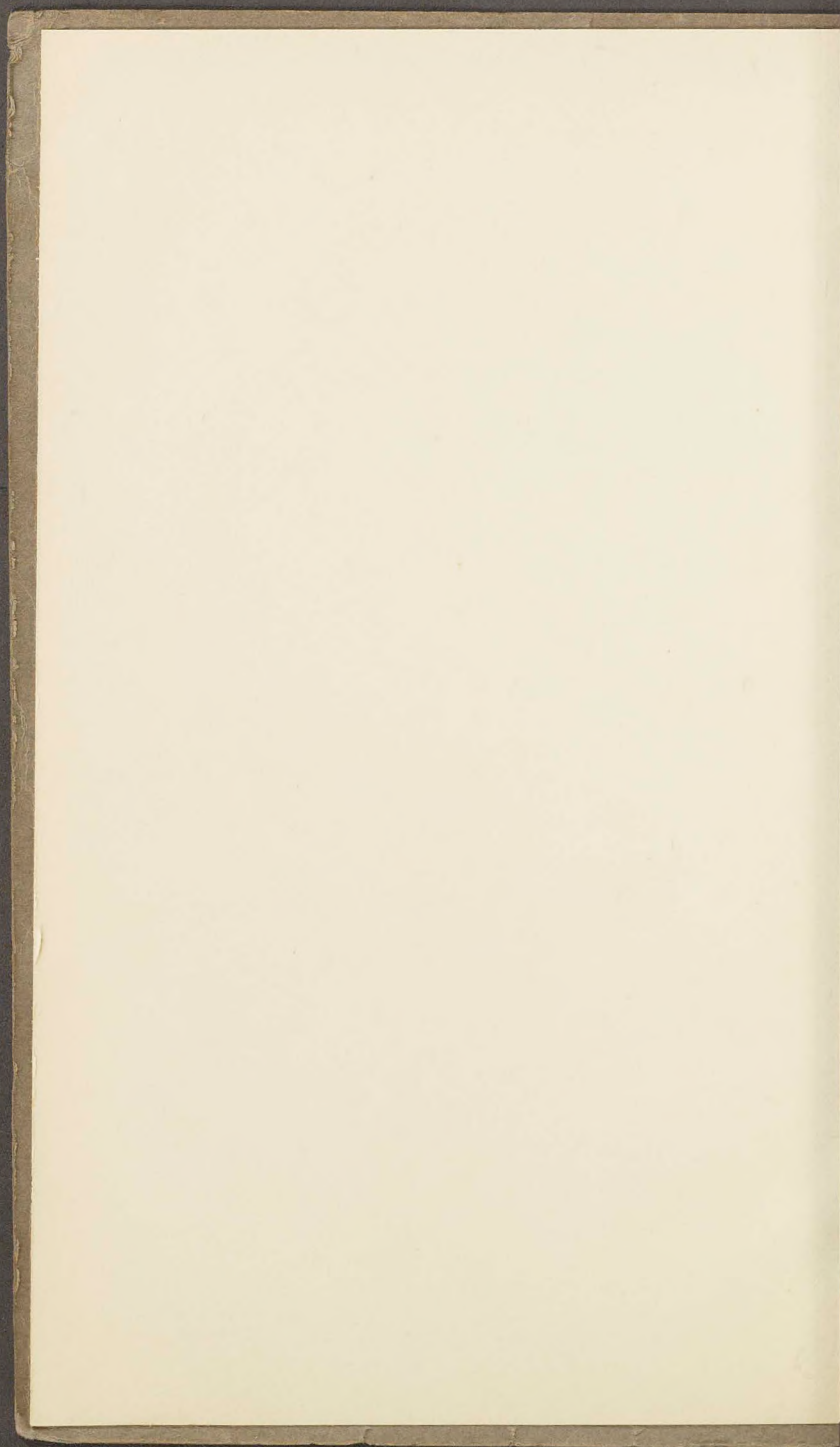
By
Sir Ed. Sinclair Stevenson
M.D., F.R.C.S. Etc.



DT
1927
.S73
S73a
1925



R120



00070905

DT

1927

.573

573a

1925

Donation

THE ADVENTURES OF A MEDICAL MAN

by

Sir Edmond Sinclair Stevenson, M.D.



Alan Lipworth

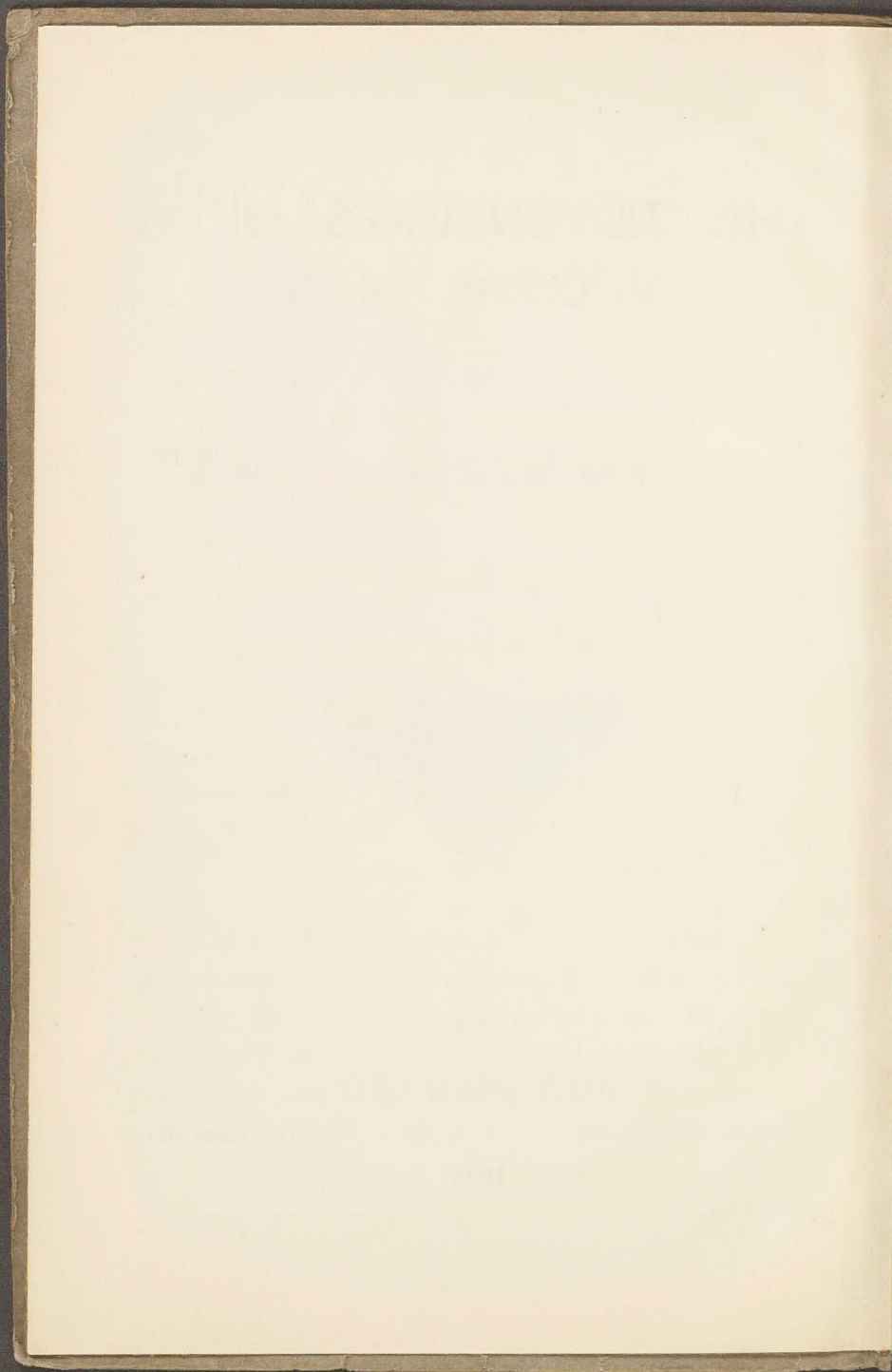
JUTA & CO., LTD.

CAPE TOWN

JOHANNESBURG

1925

7/2034



The Adventures of a Medical Man.

*“Avec leurs grands sonnets,
et leurs neiges éternelles,
Par un soleil d'été, que nos Alpes
sont belles!
Heureux qui sur ses bords peut longtemps
s'arrêter;
Heureux qui les revoit, s'il a pu les quitter.”*

ERNEST NAVILLE.

In writing this little book I find it difficult to remember the past, for I am an old man. It helps me to be grateful for all the kindness that has been shown to me.

For it is extraordinary how it depends on one to be happy, and how easily one adapts one's recollections to one's resentments; and how deftly we adopt facts to suit our prejudices. These reminiscences of those days do not come in an orderly procession: some come to the front, others move in the background, and the difficulty is to know where to start; it is far easier to know how to end.

The Adventures of a Medical Man

I was born at Grange Canal, a picturesque old house on the Lake of Geneva, where my parents were staying at the time. When we returned to Scotland I went to Merchison Castle where I prepared for my entrance examination. I left Geneva, where I was born, coming away from Switzerland with much regret. Switzerland has a fascination for all. No doubt its majestic sights, its pine forests, its flora, and above all its pure atmosphere, seem to add to one's happiness. Anyone who has seen the sun setting on the Mont Blanc, must have felt this, and will never forget the sight.

It is natural enough, as I wished to enter the University, that I should want to know something about its beginning. Fortunately I came across a paper, which informed me of what I was looking for. The Lord Provost of the time was George Drummond, who did much to show the spirit of the enterprise, and gave £2,000, which at that time was a good deal. In 1736 a royal charter was obtained and the building commenced. All classes co-operated: merchants gave liberally of their wares, farmers lent their carts, men, and horses; and labourers gave two of their days free of wages, etc. So the Infirmary was begun, and before long the University came into existence.

I shall never forget my first day. It was bitterly cold, and the quadrangle was deep in snow and ice. The head janitor

The Adventures of a Medical Man

kept shouting to the students to get in, and try to get to their classes, but no one listened. The head janitor got his hat knocked off, and got a hard-frozen snowball on his nose, followed by the vision of a thousand candles dancing in front of him. One student, when pursued, got on to the top roof, but could not go any further, and dropped a small ladder into the street below, which nearly killed a lassie who was calahering in the street below. He was brought before the magistrate the next day, who, considering what he had gone through, let him off with a caution.

Well, I prepared for the University entrance examination. I chose medicine, and started my medical studies. After the usual time I passed my examination, and became assistant in midwifery under Professor Alexander Simpson, M.D. It is said with reason and a modicum of truth, that considering the kind of work a student has to go through, viz., the treatment of diseases, the suffering in all its phases must in time harden the heart, but generally speaking this is not so; for as he goes on with his work, his compassion and sympathy increase.

Professor Simpson was a nephew of the celebrated Sir James, who confined all the queens of Europe during his lifetime. The Professor had a bi-weekly entertainment, when tea and cake were served, and passages of the Bible quoted.

The Adventures of a Medical Man

The first time I went there, I was asked to read the 10th chapter of Isaiah. Where this precious chapter and verse were to be found, I had not the slightest conception. I went twice, and then no more. I managed it in this way:— I had arranged, whilst the above mentioned entertainment was on, that the matron of the hospital should send a cab for me with a note: Wanted urgently! This I managed twice. The Professor found it out, though, and did not ask me any more, and revenged himself by calling me the Frenchman because of my knowledge of that language when visiting the ward, to the great amusement of the patients.

At this period chloroform had not been discovered, at least not for use as an anaesthetic. One of the professors, McLagen, if I remember rightly, got some sent to him from America. It was said that it would send patients into a sound and dreamless sleep whilst being operated upon. Five men lay down, and the recipient of the drug administered the chloroform, and finally covered his own face with a mask saturated in some fluid. I do not remember what that was. The result was perfect, and through him the greatest gift ever offered to suffering humanity was discovered.

Professor John Chiene had at that period a clinic for advanced students, where all kinds of practical surgery were

The Adventures of a Medical Man

illustrated and demonstrated. My job, if not pleasant, was a useful one. A dead body was kept in a bath of diluted carbolic acid, and I had to carry the body on a board back to the lecture theatre. You may guess the condition of my hands! The Professor had a curious weakness. Whenever there was electricity in the air, he became speechless. Now he had told me that, if it happened, I was to proceed with the lecture; but the students would make such a row with cat-calls, barking, shouting and other hideous noises, that it was impossible to carry on. The curious part of it was that, as soon as the storm was over, his power of control returned.

This appointment meant practically no rest for me, neither night nor day. This state of constant work could not last, and I became very ill. I got a septic throat again, and a large abscess formed there, so that I was unable to open my jaw, and was literally starving. After a consultation held by the staff, I was put under chloroform, and my jaw forcibly opened by a powerful gag, and the abscess lanced. Oh! what relief to be able to open my mouth. Under my bed there was a box full of goodies that my mother had sent me. One of the first things I had done when I recovered, was to have my hair cut. The barber showed me the hair that he had cut: it had turned completely white. The Professor and I walked home up to the Castle, and down through the gardens over the North Bridge

The Adventures of a Medical Man

(never forgetting the sixpence for the old blind man, who read the Bible by the feel of the fingers), and down to Princess Street and home.

At that time, being anxious to learn more, I accepted the post of assistant in obstetrics. There were two of us at this, but as it was to be a three months' appointment, we decided to work together. There the work was continuous. Every student who attended this course, and was doubtful as to symptoms, sent for one of us. Cabs were constantly coming with notes, urgently asking either of us to come or advise. This condition could not last; it ended in my becoming quite ill again, and I was in great pain. The big bugs had a consultation, and I was put under chloroform, and a large abscess was found low down in the throat. To get at it a large retractor was used to force it open. Under my bed I had that Christmas box which my dear mother had sent me. This did me more good than all the medicine. The result was that it was decided to be best for me to go home to Guildford.

One day, when I was travelling to Guildford, where my mother lived, a stranger came in with my friend, H. Malan, whose name was well-known at the Cape. Addressing the stranger, he said, "Bag, let me introduce my friend to you." We discussed various matters until we came to the most important,

The Adventures of a Medical Man

the one which shaped my whole future. He told him of my looking for rest and change, and then, turning to Bag, said, "Bag you are the man to do that." A week later I was appointed Surgeon to the Royal Mail Steamer, the "Arab".

I have little to say about my first trip. It was the "Arab's" first voyage, and the fastest one. When in sight of the Cape docks we flew at the main a white flag representing a red cock chantant on a white field.

I had many letters of introduction, but made use of very few. One was for Captain Mills, the Under-Secretary, who offered me many posts. One was to be the doctor of the Somerset Hospital. I drove there in one of those funny little hansoms, and saw the resident surgeon, who was extremely rude, and who told me that his appointment would last for two years more. Another offer was the residency on Robben Island, where a fortune could be made by selling the milk for the Cape Town market. I saw Captain Mills at Government House, and gave him a bit of my mind; but he remained a good friend of mine, both at the Cape and in London, where he represented the Cape later on. Later, when I was at Drooge Vlei, and he happened to have a dinner party, he sent me a note asking me to provide venison and other game for it, which I did religiously and with pleasure.

The Adventures of a Medical Man

When in Cape Town, I always stayed at the Royal Hotel. This was kept by a man called Lopes. After dinner, and when everyone had gone to bed, we adjourned to the billiard room, where he sang to me aria's from operas well known to me. He had a most beautiful tenor voice. Those evenings were a great treat. He told me that he had given up singing in public, because his mother had made him promise to do so, for what reason I cannot tell, probably a religious one. He soon left the Cape and went to London, where he ran a large hotel, and where I was welcomed when I got to town.

But before going further with my story, let me tell you a curious event which happened in the bay. Our mail steamer had gone out into the bay, in order to allow the coming-in mail to find a berth. I was in my cabin putting things shipshape, when suddenly the "Danube" rolled in a most disturbing manner. There were at the time many passengers on board waiting, all the cargo being made tidy; but as I said, she rolled in such a way, that I feared she would turn turtle, as the sailors say. I remember seeing a very fat lady who had got wedged in her Madeira chair, and was rolling all over the deck in the most amusing manner, if it had not been so dangerous. Everything that was not made fast went overboard. Spars, boxes, etc., went down to the lower deck. The butcher was doing his best to save the cattle. The plucky little chap,

The Adventures of a Medical Man

in his endeavour to save the cows, got rammed by one of the guns which had got loose and was zigzagging, and so got his leg smashed above the knee, and with every roll of the ship the thigh-bone protruded more and more. With the help of some sailors we managed to secure the gun, but it was touch and go, for one of the spars knocked me down. The Captain was where he had to be, namely, on the flying deck. He seemed to have lost all control over himself. I climbed up the flying deck, and gave him a bit of my mind. He then ordered me to my cabin, and consider myself under arrest. I argued with him, but it was no use. He was mad with anger and funk. Our condition could not last, and came to a climax when one of the passengers, a lady, became very ill, and her husband insisted on having medical advice. The Captain tried to dodge this, but it was no go, and I was allowed to see the patient. Every one on board insisted on having the surgeon; but whenever we touched land I was shut up as a prisoner, and not allowed to go ashore. As soon as we arrived in Southampton, I went to the office and reported the matter. A board-meeting was convened to consider the case. In the meantime one of the passengers advised me to have legal opinion. The board met, and the poor butcher was carried in. The result was that I was held to be entirely right in what I had done, and *de facto* free from all blame; moreover it was decided that all legal expenses should be paid by the Company. The captain was severely reprimanded. The chairman thanked me for my conduct, and finished by hoping

The Adventures of a Medical Man

in the name of the Company, that I would sail with them again. I replied that I did not intend sailing again in the service of the Union Company. In addition I took the butcher to the hospital, and had an artificial leg made for him, which was an expensive item, besides the lawyer's expenses, which as usual were pretty stiff. I then went home, and soon after returned to the Cape as a passenger.

While there I made many trips along the coast, still as a medical officer. Those were the early days after the discovery of the diamonds at Kimberley. We had on board a lot of young men who were returning to Europe with their small parcels wrapped up in tissue paper, many of them being university men who were going home with their find. Those were the days before the illicit diamond trade. It was astonishing how they trusted each other: whilst the gambling was going on, one would call out speaking to one of the players, — "I say, Dick, show me your parcel." This would be passed round, and returned to the owner who would put it in his pocket.

At that period Doctor Jameson asked me to go to Kimberley with him, to find out whether the epidemic that was raging there, was small-pox or chicken-pox. The Cape Government had asked him to go to Kimberley and find out. Doctor Falconer had been sent already and had pronounced it small-pox. This was very important, for if it was small-pox, a

The Adventures of a Medical Man

quarantine would be called, the result being that the comparatively large population, mostly niggers and others, would be thrown out of work, which might lead to great expense for the Government.

Needless to say, we pronounced it chicken-pox; otherwise it might have led to serious trouble. I went down the mine to see how the work was being done. Dr. Jameson, who was one of the Directors, had gone ahead with the general manager, whereas I followed with the sub-manager.

Perhaps I may explain how the diamonds are got at. After getting in a long corridor, there is a stream of water which runs along the parts as you descend. (Mind, I am describing how it was in those days). At equal distances, as you descend, there is a box covered with a trellis of strong wire. The water rushes through this sieve, and so on, until only small stones remain. Those were the means of getting the diamonds; by now they have altogether a far-improved way substituted. When I got to the bottom, I found Dr. Jim and the general manager looking at a beautiful blue diamond. I took it and said: "It is magnificent, but it does not beat *this*." I showed them the stone I had, and told them how I got it. "A bit risky," said the doctor, "it might cost you a lot of trouble."

On my return to England I was asked by an old University friend to come and stay with him in South Wales, where he

The Adventures of a Medical Man

was in medical charge of a large coal mine. His name was John Bevan, known by the students as J.B. for short. He was a most amusing companion, good at all games, and a champion in all athletics, and our showman. Well, J.B. wrote and asked me to come and stay with him for a week or more.

One evening there was a loud ring at his door, and in reply to an inquiry, J.B. explained through the door that he could not come out, because he was ill with the 'flu, but that he would give a prescription, and would call early the next day, if able to do so. The amiable intruder told him, that if he did not come, and at once, he would carry him there or to H..l, if necessary. J.B. got out of bed, and gave the pestilent intruder the best thrashing that he ever dreamt of. A little while after he got an invitation to dine with him, and bring me along. We had the best feed we ever got: turkey, fish and plum-pudding, and a game of whist afterwards — not bad for the poor miner; and in addition his wife played tunes on a very good and expensive Erard. Not long afterwards I heard that he had been operated upon, and he died soon after.

My reminiscences are altogether confused one with another, but as I said at the beginning, the recollections of those days do not come in an orderly procession. I am liable to reiterate, and do not remember. The whole gets mixed up. I hope that it will be easier to end in some more lucid manner.

The Adventures of a Medical Man

Not long after, when staying at Plymouth with my brother-in-law, I had gone to the theatre, when someone tapped me on the shoulder, and on turning round, I saw a naval officer whom I had met before. He told me that he was in command of one of the royal yachts, which was about to sail with a distinguished party. He invited me to join the ship. Through sheer bad luck I was not able to accept. The officer in command I had met when a midshipman. His name was Milne. Later on he commanded a man-of-war, and was watching the *Göben*, the German ship, which had been trying to get through the Dardanelles. If she had got through, it would probably have made a vast difference, for she would have commanded the Black Sea.

That night, on the yacht, when at dinner, something led to the mention of a spade guinea. Strange to say, the Captain said that he had one, and went to his cabin and brought the coin, which was passed round. When about to leave the room, the Captain said, "Who has my coin?" Everyone had seen it, but no one had it. It was then suggested that everyone should turn his pockets inside out. The Prince rose, left the room, and went on deck. The next morning, when the guests came on deck, the steward came with the spade guinea in his hand; it appeared that on further search it was found in a crack of the floor, where evidently it had rolled. But why, said the Captain, did you leave the room? The Prince pulled a guinea out of his pocket

The Adventures of a Medical Man

and said, "It was certainly suspicious, for I had one myself." *Tableau*: Everyone shook hands and fell on each other's breast. I was told that the chief fell into the admiral's arms, and kissed him *à la Porte St. Martin* or *Folie Bergère* style; but such conduct and emotion are not permitted in the British Navy.

When back at the Cape, I made more trips up the coast. When at Port Elizabeth, I received a letter from the mayor of Uitenhage, a small town, about 18 miles from the port mentioned. I asked leave of absence, and having got it, started in a carriage for Uitenhage. I got there in time for dinner, after which my host told me that they wanted another doctor, the present medical man being old, and objecting to work in the evening. I called on this doctor, and told him what the object of my visit was. He was quite pleasant about it, and told me many stories about the place. The next morning early I went to see my driver, who told me that the carriage which had brought me over, had been bagged for the election. I remonstrated about this, but could not get any conveyance for love or money, and one of my boots had lost its heel. What could I do? It was 8 o'clock, and the "Danube" was due to leave at noon. I never forget that tramp. The heat was intolerable, and my feet were sore. To facilitate my walk, I removed the other heel and pushed on. After a while I saw

The Adventures of a Medical Man

a waggon in front of me, and I ran like a wounded buck. Fortunately they took me along. A few miles further on I saw the blue sea. I jumped down from the waggon and ran like an ostrich. I saw the smoke of a gun, and knew what it meant. I met a sailor who informed me that they were getting her anchor up. A coastguard said that my only chance to get on board was to take a sailing boat, and I might be picked up. I had not a cent with me. Thank the Lord, I reached the "Danube" before she was leaving. I climbed on to the ship, many hands being there to help me. The pilot helped me too. I went down to my cabin and changed my clothes, for I felt frozen with my wet clothes. The stewardess came in, and got me into a hot bath, and the passengers sent me a hot toddy. I wonder that I survived all this. The captain told me that he would report me to Cape Town. I told him to go to h. . . ., and that was the end of my services to the U.S.S. Co.

On board the mail there was an old lady who was going home. She thought that she was the Queen of England, and used to promenade the deck, and liked to be bowed to. The children on board had a royal time with her. On arriving in Cape Town I went to the Union S.S. Co. and reported myself. The manager said that he hoped I would alter my mind, and remain with them. I refused his invitation. On leaving the office I went to Heynes Matthew's, the chemists in Cape Town, to

The Adventures of a Medical Man

write a prescription for one of the passengers. There I met my fate, for there was a man who was asking if they knew of a medical man who would come to a place in the country called Drooge Vlei, and practise there. I went, and remained there seven years. Looking back I know that those were the happiest days of my life.

It was only a farm, but, as is often the case, in those lonely parts, it contained all the elements of a village, and more than that. It had a chapel, quite a nice-looking structure, where a parson came once a month to preach. The other Sundays Mr. E., the owner of Drooge Vlei, read a chapter from the Bible, adapted to circumstances. There was also a shop, where one could purchase almost everything, including jams, cigars strong enough to knock the most inveterate smoker down, fishing lines, etc. Besides this, twice a week the post brought us our letters and newspapers. It was fine to hear Jurgens, the cart driver, arriving with a flourish of trumpets announcing his arrival; he, as an old cavalry man, knew how to guide his horses in the very best style. There used to be a lot of farmers waiting for news, for it was a year of plenty. The flora was magnificent, and in the spring the whole country was literally carpeted with flowers of every kind. There was a quantity of Drosera, and I used to test their strength by hanging a small shot there, and watch to see what weight they were able to lift.

On the Vlei which was close to the house, I had a small sailing boat, and cruised round. When the Vlei was full, I

The Adventures of a Medical Man

sailed my little bark and frightened wild duck and flamingoes which came there to breed.

I am very fond of animals, and had quite a menagerie.

One day at sunset, when out shooting, an owl got up from the straw and flew right against me; I suppose that the sun dazzled him, for he fell down and I picked him up and took him home and let him free. For several days he did not come back, but one night I found him at my open window. He would come into the room and perch above my head, winking his eyes; and when the first rays of sun entered, he would fly away. One day he remained away, and I saw him no more. I was glad in a way, for he filled the place with all sorts of atrocities, half-eaten lizards, and spiders, a perfect museum, a chamber of horrors.

A friend of mine made me a present of a small cask of Constantia wine and a monkey, which was very kind of him, and very acceptable (the wine, I mean, not so the monkey). I called him Sadowa, in commemoration of the great battle which was fought between Germany and Austria. Sadowa was clever and a most amusing companion. I had a pole fixed in my garden with a box on the top, and Sadowa used to climb on that box and then back. But my friend Sadowa had a curious habit. When I was away from home, and patients were

The Adventures of a Medical Man

waiting to consult me, he was very amusing, jumping and going through all sorts of antics; but the moment he saw me coming, he became quite mad, and seized hold of the people, and bit their clothes. I had to make up for the damage, and buy new ones, which was rather an expensive luxury. One day being chased, he ran up his pole, as he had done frequently, but in jumping off, he caught the chain in his collar, and got strangled. When I drove out to see patients, I had taught him to hold the reins, to the great amusement of the people. Poor old Sadowa, I loved him well.

In front of my cottage there was a pond, which during winter rains filled up and was full of small fish. When the rainy season was over, and the hot and long days came on, the pond dried up, and became as hard as pot clay, in fact it was like cement. When the rainy season came again, the little fish came back. Now what became of the fish during the dry season? I wrote in journals, in periodicals. wrote directly to scientific papers, but no one could tell me — yet with the next rain the little fish came back again. During the dry season my cat had a jolly good time.

About that time, as I was very fond of birds, I had a large aviary constructed by our carpenter, and had quite a good collection. As a rule I dislike putting birds into a cage,

The Adventures of a Medical Man

but the cage was so large and airy that it was worth while for a bird to be in it. When the nights were cold, a tent was put over the cage, and they had plenty to eat. I was very keen on having a wren, not only because they are rare birds, but they are jolly little things. Now down in the vineyard there was a hedge of thorn bushes, and several times, when going to the vineyard, I had heard the call of this bird. It was the rare kind, for there are two. Well, I made up my mind to get it, so when the night came, I watched and tried to find where the nest was. But the little one was cunning, and would fly a few yards and pretend that there was her nest. So on a very dark night I came and watched, until the bird had left the nest, and threw a net over the nest and gathered the lot, so I thought. I got back to my cage, and put the net inside. The next morning I got up early and went to look, and there was the little mother in the cage. How did the bird know that I had brought there her little ones? There are many mysteries in nature, at least things we do not understand, and this is one of them. When I left the farm, I liberated "*tuta la familia*." And now I have come to the end of my history; but before I close that part of my anecdotes, I would add a funny event which happened then.

The Railway Department were making a short branch which cut across a wood of fir trees. The men had gone to bed, when with a fearful howl one of the navvies jumped out of his

The Adventures of a Medical Man

tent. He had been awakened by something biting his big toe: having heard that there were scorpions and poisonous spiders in the wood, he immediately tied a piece of shoe-lace round the root of his big toe, then got up and rushed as fast as he could. The other navvies were following and shouting, which made him run the faster; finally he fell exhausted, when I saw that he was almost fainting, and his toe looked gangrenous. I had to put him under chloroform to undo the lace which he had tied.

I received a note from Sir Charles Mills, in which he asked me to do my very best for him. He was entertaining a distinguished company, and wanted me to get a buck saddle. On a very hot day I started to look for that buck. I well remember that day: the heat was terrific. I lay down with my dog beneath a wild olive tree. My dog was very restless, and I had to tie him to a branch. The country seemed to be asleep. I went in search of the buck and had the luck to track one. As a rule I do not shoot them at this time; my excuse was that Mills had asked me to get one. He must have the venison, and if I would or not I had to get one, or he probably would have got one in the market. On this day the heat was infernal: above the sky was perfectly clear, not a cloud, not even a breath of air. I had my repeating rifle. I had just got a Purdi, and thought that it was a good opportunity to test it. I had just killed the buck, and was preparing to skin it. Looking up, I could not see anything in the sky, but continuing

The Adventures of a Medical Man

my inspection, I noticed a small spot in the clear and wonderful expanse above me, then two, three, four, and five getting nearer together in a circle, and slowly gyrating. The dog was anxious and whining, and then I knew "the vultures were coming." They settled on the ground, a group of seven. For a time they rested, seeing the dead buck on the ground. I was not at all willing to give it up to them. The whines of my dog irritated them, and I threw a stone at them, upon which they charged. I shot three of them, but the rest charged me again, and then the two remaining flew away. The heat, the smell of those foul birds nearly made me sick.

I was glad I had tied my dog, for a flick of their wings would have broken his legs. Well, I won the day, but I was dead-beat. Our return was like a funeral. Thanks to my repeating rifle, or we would have been done for. I could hardly breathe, I think that I slept, it was like a nightmare. The perfume from the olive tree floated upon the hot breathless air. A thrush hopped up from a bush; a lazy fluttering breeze sprang up. The shadows of the trees came creeping on me. The heat of the day was replaced by the infinite peace of the twilight, and a soft faint little breeze blew, which comforted me. It only lasted for a moment, but cheered me and my dog too.

After a while I was called to Malmesbury, to give evidence in a police case. The principal evidence was that of Dr.

The Adventures of a Medical Man

B. Dr. B. had studied in Paris. It so happened that on leaving Paris he had promised to do his best to procure the skull of a Bushman, and finally a bushman's skull was got. There had been a fight among themselves when drunk, and one had been taken to prison and was awaiting his trial. After dinner I was in the billiard room, when the jailor came in with a bag which he chucked near the table, saying that the doctor had ordered him to do so. After a while the jail chaplain came in and asked where the doctor was, and insisted on seeing what was in the sack. This was awkward, to say the least, but the doctor was the law in Malmesbury, and later on he sent the skull to Paris.

About the same time a German commercial traveller came to Malmesbury selling gold watches, made in Berlin. I bought one, and I have it still. Several merchants bought them also, everyone who could afford it bought then: later on he came again, and sold more of them, and then left and came no more. The last lot were not worth twopence.

At that time when at Drooge Vlei and the work was slack, I used to hand my practice to a colleague, and spend a few days at Wynberg. It happened that there was a good deal of unrest in Kaffraria, and our Government had asked the Home Government to send troops to quell the suspected rising.

The Adventures of a Medical Man

It so happened that when at luncheon at Cogill's Hotel, somebody clasped his hands over my face, saying, Guess who I am. Sharply turning round, I discovered a friend whom I had known in Edinburgh. During our conversation he told me that owing to the great unrest in Kaffraria, the Home Government had decided to send two regiments, the 88th, the Connaught Rangers, and the 24th. This last was to be pushed on to Natal. As you know this regiment was entirely massacred at the battle of Isandhlwana, from sheer bad generalship. He told me that it would be a good way to spend a holiday, if I volunteered to join his regiment. Strange to say, the 88th had lost their surgeon, who was laid up with an attack of malaria, contracted in the West Indies. The colonel on hearing this, sent for me, and told me that he would be very grateful, if I would take the doctor's place, as the time was too short to make arrangements in the usual manner. I thought for a moment, and replied that, if he gave me time to get ready, and get someone to replace me at Drooge Vlei, I would volunteer to go.

The two regiments left on the same day. Of the fate of the 24th everyone knows, because of the terrific blunder which was made. The 24th was entirely massacred. On the sea parade, at Durban, in front of the club, there is a beautiful bronze statue representing a man riding and followed by a Kaffir. This man rode night and day in order to let Natal know what had happened. Had that not been done, God only knows what

The Adventures of a Medical Man

awful results might have ensued. Think what effect it would have had on all coloured races in the Cape Colony, and in fact on coloured races everywhere! During those times there could be felt in the air a rumbling, like distant thunder, which proceeds the storm. It happened that there had been some friction between our Government and the natives of Kaffraria, and one could almost feel the dreaded storm was gathering fast on our frontier. So things went on, until those dark clouds broke and England came to our help, and the Connaught Rangers were sent without any further delay to the Kaffir frontier, hoping it was not too late to endeavour to stop the row. Perhaps you may not know how news travels along the native territories: no rail, no telegraph wire, no post in order to spread the news: all is done by natives, who travel on foot long distances, taking the news from village to village and the pondoks, and it goes round like wild-fire, extending the conflagration like a miracle.

We left Table Bay in my old ship the "Danube", the ship where I had the row, when in Table Bay. The mail steamer was packed with troops. Captain Baynton sat at table opposite to me, but never referred to the trouble we had when in Table Bay. It was all very well for his sake.

The mail took us as far as the port of East London, where I landed in a basket. On attempting to jump from the basket

The Adventures of a Medical Man

to the shore, I fell and twisted my arm; the pain was excruciating. On arriving at the hotel I at once bathed my arm in hot water. The principal medical officer came, and I showed him my arm. He sent for some lotion, but told me that it was absolutely necessary that I should cut across at an early hour, as I was the only medical man in addition to the Sergeant Dispenser, who would have done the work as well, if not better.

I got up at dawn, and went to the market place, where I bought a pair of boots in the early market. These were lace-up boots. Had I purchased them in London, I could not have got anything better. After a hurried meal I got on to a horse and caught the regiment. The day was very hot, and we had to frequently off-saddle for a rest. The road, at least what was called a road, was an awful mess — streams of muddy water, rotten bits of trees, and marshy ground.

At Mooi River I heard that General Cunningham, our General, had unexpectedly arrived to inspect the camp, and had enquired where I was, and told the mess sergeant that he would be back for dinner, and that he would have the chair next to him kept for me. He spoke of my dear old mother in very kind terms, and told me that he would send a telegram to her to say that I was alright, and doing good work. Shortly after his departure, the Colonel told me that it was absolutely

The Adventures of a Medical Man

necessary that a message should be sent to the Engineers' Camp but that, owing to the condition of their sun-burned legs, the medical officer could not get a man. I was dead-beat, but volunteered to go, for it had to be done. I started with my legs aching like hell. I walked and walked until I could do no more than crawl, and there I saw a dim light showing through the fog. I entered the hut and found the R.E. at mess. I was completely done up. I tottered in and handed the message to a young man, who in turn gave it to the Chief. My voice was gone, it was more like the croak of a frog. The Chief read the message, wrote a reply, and handed it to me. No one thanked me; no one offered me any refreshment. I left the hut with the reply in my shaking hands, but after a while I heard some one running behind me and saying, "Come back, we misread the message." I went back, and they made up for the mistake by giving me a huge whisky and soda, some cold venison and a good cigar. The colonel said that there had been a mistake, and I did not enquire what the mistake was.

When I was still in the U.S.S. Co. I ran down the coast. Captain Coathupe was the Commander. It was a small steamer, and as far as I could find, the cargo was composed of various wild animals. I found out later on that the vessel was employed by the Zoo in London, and supplied that institution with various wild animals. Captain Coathupe had his cabin on deck. When all passengers were in bed, he would bring some of his animal

The Adventures of a Medical Man

passengers on to the deck in order to give them some fresh air, and allow some of them a run. Monkeys were his special hobby: he had any amount of them. One night it was bright moonlight and I was having an airing before getting into my hammock. I saw Captain Coathupe carefully carrying a case. I went to talk to him, and I saw that he was holding a glass case, and he was anxious to see me go. I asked him what the case contained. He hesitated for a while, and then said, snakes. This answer was unexpected. I knew that he was employed by the Zoo to get them rare animals, but I did not think that he would care to risk such danger. I told him what a danger it was to carry such deadly reptiles, for in the daylight he had told me that he had among them a black mamba, which is a most deadly snake. I warned him of the danger of having such on board, particularly as there were many children on the ship, and told him plainly that unless he chucked them overboard, I would report it. He presently threw the whole of them overboard. He had any amount of rare birds of beautiful plumage, but none which had the song of our European birds. We had a great many Madagascar cats and two baboons, a little one, and another, much larger. The large monkey from the coast was of the usual kind, and was a bully and a thief. The little one was a dear little thing, and a chum with every one. The large monkey was full of tricks, and delighted to do some mocking. On a certain day he enticed the little monkey to play with him, when suddenly he caught him, and drew him into his

The Adventures of a Medical Man

cage, nearly strangling him in doing so. Every bit of food which was given to the little monkey, the baboon used to show to the little chap, pat him, and then eat the food. The poor little chap was starving. The little one was beloved by every one, but what was to be done? To shoot the bully was all very well, but how could that be done? I had the deck hose pumping water over him, but he used the little one as an umbrella. The ship was in tears. Then I devised a trick. I covered the cage with a sail cloth, tacked it carefully so as to let no air in, and introduced a sponge soaked in chloroform into the cage. The baboon, after barking, swooned, and we got rid of him. Our skipper left the Company's service shortly afterwards.

When at Mooi River I got orders to start early in the morning with a company of the medical corps, so as to reach the Main road, and join the 88th, if possible. On my way I came across four Mounted Rifles, who were having a rattling time racing after Kaffir cranes. The pauws are really wild turkeys, and there is no finer sport, for they run like greased lightning. It was so fascinating that instead of getting to Cathcart early in the afternoon, I arrived just in time for mess, late in the day. While dressing for dinner, I discovered to my horror that I had lost a parcel which the Major's wife had given me for her beloved husband. I never in my life heard such lamentations from the bereaved husband. His dear wife had given up all her pleasure and even her spare time to make

The Adventures of a Medical Man

for him something which would be useful as well as ornamental! That he could not forgive me. Such carelessness he could not forget, etc., etc. I regretted the mishap, and added my lamentations to his. In the midst of all this blarney the mess sergeant appeared with the missing precious parcel. I was saved — I felt inclined to sing, "*Sauvé, sauvé, mon Dieu,*" in grand opera style. Alas! with a trembling hand he opened the lost parcel, and behold — dare I say it? There was in it a rotten old sponge and a broken comb. For a moment there was an awful silence, followed by a roar of laughter. The sergeant cleared out, or, as he told me, he would have burst.

After dinner the colonel took me apart, and said that he would arrange that I should go and stay at the hotel. This was quite a good one, and its chef was a great gastronome. There I stayed for a fortnight. One morning a cart came for me, and I was taken to another place to join another company.

When at Thomas River, the Civil Commissioner came to the camp and asked for a mounted escort to investigate a case in a Kaffir location, where the natives, it appeared, had refused to pay.

Our Chief ordered me to go with the Magistrate and an escort of mounted police. We rode for some distance, the road was very bad, in fact there was no road at all. We had to ride down a ravine. Whether it was from the great heat or from

The Adventures of a Medical Man

the clattering of loose stones, my horse got restive, took the bit between his teeth, and bolted. Pull as hard as I could, it made no difference, and finally my saddle got on his neck, and in my attempt to jump off I caught my foot in the stirrup, and was dragged for a considerable distance. How I was not killed is a mystery to me; the whole escort passed me without touching my head. Finally the stirrup leather broke, and I remained behind. My helmet was squashed and my spurs were entangled in the stirrup leather. Fortunately we were not far from a mission station, and help soon came. Mr. Moffat carried me on his back to the house, where he and his wife showed me the greatest kindness. Had I been their own son, they could not have been kinder to me. I visited their Mission Church, and it was extraordinary how well-trained in singing the people were, taking their high notes easily, and keeping admirable time. The little Church was quite a nice one, and entirely built by Kaffir workmen under the direction of Mr. Moffat.

There I had as much fresh butter and honey as I wanted—not a bad diet, for an invalid especially. I left them, feeling very grateful for what they had done for me

I went back to our camp, but my leg remained useless and painful. It became necessary to get further professional advice, and so I was sent to the nearest ambulance. There I had the advantage of being under the care of a well-known surgeon, who took charge of me. When I got into the hospital,

The Adventures of a Medical Man

my leg was so swollen that they had to rip open my riding breeches before anything could be seen — the leg was enormously swollen and was black. The Chief medical officer shook his head, and I heard him mutter the word, "gangrenous, I fear it is a bad case"; but the surgeon smiled for he knew better — hot water removed the gangrene. It took a long time before I could be removed, and it was extraordinary the care they took of me, when I was laid up and during my convalescence. As it was necessary that I should exercise my leg, early in the morning I had two soldiers walking in front of me so as to remove every obstacle in my way. I can assure you that it was quite touching. Finally the ambulance came for me and took me away to the Military hospital in King William's Town. There I remained four months, and was then sent back home as unfit for duty. I shall never forget my leaving there in the ambulance. It was a glorious day — the morning star was peeping out over the hills, and the sentry on a rise presented arms as we passed.

When at Kimberley with Jameson, we organised a grand shoot in the De Beers preserves. The whole shooting ground was fenced in with barbed wire. There one could find an immense variety of game, from the hare and korhaan to the wildebeest and bontebok. The night before the shoot, when at dinner, we made a plan how the hunt should be arranged — we decided that we should hunt in couples, and we

The Adventures of a Medical Man

drew for positions. Walton and I were posted at the extreme end of the fence, so we started early, for we had the farthest position to occupy. We sat in the shade of the waggon, and had some food. While eating I saw a huge animal, something like one sees after a nightmare, half like a bull and with very large horns and a tail like a cow. I was lying under our waggon, the animal saw me too, and disappeared below the ridge. When the day was over, I told the head Kaffir, who said that it must have been a bontebok, and that probably I had killed it. The keeper brought it back.

Not long after, whilst looking out for partridges, I came across a man whom I had known when he lived at Newlands. I was very glad to see him again. Mr. Brodie was his name. He sold his property at Newlands, and was living on his farm, not very far from Kimberley. The drawback in that part of the world is the want of water. He told me that on account of this he had to send 18 miles away to get sufficient water to irrigate his farm. However he had settled this with his divining rod, and since that, found any amount. Well, I did not believe this, but he proved it whilst I was looking on; holding the two ends of the rod pointing upwards, I could see that he had to use a considerable amount of force to prevent the rod pointing downwards. I tried this myself with success whilst on his farm. I used the rod, and it did not fail to point down, whenever there was water to be found underground.

The Adventures of a Medical Man

Whilst I was staying with him years later I saw a regiment of British Cavalry hastening to the relief of Kimberley.

At Thomas River we had made a nice little club-house of masonry work and wood, masonry work as a base, and wood-work above. There we had quite a good cricket team, and now and then we got up and played against other regiments.

On a certain day we had a match, the first and second company against all comers. Suddenly the Kaffirs were on top of us; I can tell you that we ran for shelter. We all got there with the exception of one man, who had been hit with an assegai. The sergeant jumped out of the window and ran out, and carrying the wounded man in his arms, brought him safely into the club-house. Not long after he received from headquarters the greatest reward that can be given for bravery.

When at Thomas River the Civil Service Commissioner arrived and demanded a military escort, as he was going to make an investigation on a Kaffir location. The chief ordered me to go with an escort of mounted police. I shall never forget the day. It was an extremely sultry day, one of those which foretells a storm.

When we arrived at the kraal, we found that all the men warriors had cleared away; that in itself was suspicious. There could be no doubt that the Kaffirs had some reason for obstruct-

The Adventures of a Medical Man

ing us in our advance. The chief of that kraal was a man of great importance in rank as well as size. Now the examination of a dead body is against all their laws, and the civil magistrate ought to have considered this, for you run the risk of being haunted by the ghost of the late departed. We set the old men and the women digging a grave, for as I said, all the men, except the very old ones, had cleared off. For a long time we could hear the war songs of the returning men. But it is curious to see how such a grave is made. I placed my men around the grave where they stood at the ready. The women refused to budge. First we had to dig to a depth of ten feet, when we came to a tunnel at right angles. There the grave was closed by a trellis. This obstacle was smashed. Behind the door the Kaffir Chief was sitting up, with his hands under his knees, tied in a sack. He was drawn out of that sack. I placed a ring of mounted police and attempted to make a post mortem. My hands were glued together, and my face was covered with millions of flies, settling on my face and on my lips. I decided that I had done sufficient, and I could hear in the distance the war song of the returning warriors. They made a strange sound as they advanced, beating their assegais on their shields, and chanting their war songs. I gave it up, for it was absolutely useless. I washed my hands and face in whisky. The Kaffirs had made a plan to attack us, and I remembered Job and his tribulations. I gave the order to retire, slowly, for the path was narrow and surrounded by rocks. My sergeant fought bravely, but an assegai killed

The Adventures of a Medical Man

him. I tried to go on, but my right leg was done for. It felt quite useless. It was terribly cold and a small stream was running over it, — perhaps this was for the best.

I must have fainted, for when I recovered consciousness, I could not realise where I was. Perhaps you may know that feeling; it is best explained in the following way: It chills the suspended soul, until expectation wears the cast, and fear, half ready to become devotion, mumbles a kind of mental orison, it knows not wherefore.

How long I remained in that ravine I cannot tell, but I was benumbed by cold. It must have been close to the sea, for I could hear the clash of the waves on the rocks. A glorious moon was flooding the peaceful sky. Far in the west the setting sun was the colour of dark red wine. Then a pale moon stole up the eastern sky, and seemed to hang by its horns.

When I recovered, I felt deadly thirsty. I dragged myself to the little stream, where there was a small pool with a sandy bottom. When I tried to drink, the reflection of the moon disappeared and the white, sandy bottom came back.

How long I remained there I cannot tell. The sky grew pale pink in the zenith; then the sun rose and drank up the mist. The water sparkled and shone. From the fresh banks came the song of birds; above the sky was bright blue with a few fleecy clouds. I then must have lost all consciousness and

The Adventures of a Medical Man

found myself in the Field Hospital. The head surgeon was examining my leg. He shook his head, then called his colleague; I smelt chloroform, and then came blessed sleep.

The death of my sergeant was a great loss to me, for I knew him to be a man to be trusted in all things, and brave with the simplicity which exalts courage: at all times and under all circumstances I could sleep in safety when I knew that he was there.

When I woke, I was in a hospital train, practically unconscious, and I heard strange sounds. Often I heard his voice, which compelled me to listen. That sound took the form of light aerial music, as silvery and transparent as the sky which carried its waves to me. That welcome music had wings: it went high, higher than the song of the lark. There were instants when it seemed to come from far away, and was only heard with difficulty; but again it recovered force, and sounded clear and distinct, and then I would awake and knew that it was due to nerve strain, for when quite awake it would be lost, unless it was the sound of a bell from a distant chapel. I knew that my nervous system had been severely shaken, and that anyway it was wearied. In the train from King William's Town, when close to the sea, we heard by heliograph of the massacre of Isandhlwana.

The next day we landed in Table Bay, and I walked on my crutches to the Civil Service Club, and arrived back at Rondebosch — Home, Sweet Home!

The Adventures of a Medical Man

CECIL RHODES.

The first time I met Cecil Rhodes I was struck by his leonine appearance, his large and broad forehead and his kind smile, but a face full of determination. That was the man: for nothing could alter his mind, if he thought that he was right.

One afternoon I was looking on from the stand watching a keenly fought game of cricket. It was very exciting. I saw Dr. John Beck coming towards the stand, and when he saw me, he shouted: "Stevenson, have you heard the news? The raid has failed, and Jameson has been captured." The effect came to us like a clap of thunder. The Governor asked me to slip away quietly, and find out if all this was a fact. I took a short-cut through the fields, and when close to Groot Schuur, I saw Rhodes in his white flannel suit walking up and down in front of his house. On seeing me he turned back towards the house. Thinking that he wanted to be left alone, I retreated, but he called to me, "Won't you say that you are sorry?" So this terrible news was true! "Sorry, more than sorry!" I answered. I felt that I must leave him alone to think, and walked into the house to see Beit, who was in hiding. All this even now passes through my mind like a horrible nightmare. I shall never forget it. To see the unselfishness of the man thinking of his friend. All this recalled to my mind the history of Bonivar, a political prisoner at Chillon, on the lake of Geneva. Bonivar had been chained to

The Adventures of a Medical Man

a pillar for some political crime. The Government had been changed, and Bonivar was declared free. On hearing that he was free, he only asked, "*Et Genève aussi?*" His first thought was of his country.

I left to see Beit.

Some time after Mr. Rhodes went for a ride with Mr. H. J. Currey. As was his custom he rode in a most careless way, his mind occupied with all sorts of things except his surroundings, with a loose rein and his thoughts often far away. His horse caught in a root, and rider and horse had a nasty fall, with the result that three ribs were broken. Rhodes was taken to his house, and was fixed up with plaster of Paris.

It was explained to him that it was a case of absolute rest. That evening I saw him, and found him in a hot bath and all his plaster bandages removed. I told him plainly how absurd it was to play with his body like that, and that it would be better to get some one else to look after him.

Not long after this he received a telegram urging him to get back to London, and he left by the mail.

On that day there appeared the following notice, the Editor of the "Cape Times," Mr. St. Leger, signing the notice. The notice published in the "Times" was, that Mr. Rhodes was not improving, and that he (Mr. Rhodes) was going home

The Adventures of a Medical Man

to get further advice. Rhodes drove back to see me, and expressed his annoyance at having been so thoroughly misunderstood by the gentleman who interviewed him on behalf of the paper; further he said that he felt annoyed, for had it been necessary to have further advice, he would have got in some medical man with whom he happened to be associated on this side of the water.

He returned from England shortly — a changed man. Gradually he got worse, suffering from that awful disease called angina, and could hardly take his breath. It was thought that the sea-air would do him good. At first he remained at Groot Schuur, and motored in his funny little machine in order to sleep near the sea-air, which seemed to do him good. So things went on from bad to worse. He was unable to leave his bed, and owing to his being unable to breathe when lying down, he was kept sitting on his bed. A contrivance was made which kept him suspended. Then to help the breathing, a double ceiling was made, into which oxygen gas was pumped. Yet he never complained. I had to attend to my practice, and came to the little cottage at Muizenberg every evening. I never heard of such unselfishness: the first thing he would say was, "Have you had your dinner? No? — then go and have it."

Hundreds of cables and wires were received from all parts of the world. His brothers had come, and all the friends who

The Adventures of a Medical Man

could do so. From America cables, letters, telegrams, were coming day by day. Some great physician proposed that he would come, but we knew that there would be no time.

.....

We made a post mortem examination. We found what we expected: a large cardiac aneurism, which blocked the circulation.

We left the little thatched cottage at four in the morning, taking him with us. I shall never forget that day — a beautiful dawn, and behind the peak the morning star was rising in a pure blue sky.

THE PRINCESS RADZIVIL.

I was looking after a medical friend in Cape Town, when the Princess arrived. When in the hotel she got the 'flu, and had a nurse looking after and attending to her. Afterwards I met her at Government House. There she was quite a Princess. I well remember that day, how perfectly regal she looked, sitting in an arm-chair with a perfect collar of enormous pearls. The Governor came in and spoke to her, everyone rising except the Princess. The A.D.C. asked her to rise. This request the Princess refused. Major Sapt told her that in the absence of the King, he represented the

The Adventures of a Medical Man

Governor, and he the King, but she remained sitting. She was not, as it was said, shamming. Her father was a Prince at the court of the Emperor of Germany, and her husband was Governor of Poland. She certainly looked regal. Her mother was in Poland.

She, I know, fully refunded that thousand pounds she had borrowed from Rhodes. When Rhodes was in his little cottage at Muizenberg, she tried to see him, but he refused to see her. Poor thing, one could not help feeling sorry for her. Rhodes was unable to leave the cottage, and every evening she walked in front of it. She then fell ill, the doctor attending. He certified that she was unable to leave her bed. I was sent for for a consultation, and said that might complicate matters. The court came to St. James, and in the morning she was conveyed to Town. The Chief Justice, Lord de Villiers, conducted the case. I was asked by the prosecutor for the Crown what she was suffering from. I refused to answer. The prosecutor stated that this was contempt of court. The Chief Justice then said that there were exceptions. She was then condemned to 7 years imprisonment. Later on this was reduced to 3 years in a penitentiary. The next day she appeared in her dress of coarse wool in charge of the lady warder. I have still all this before me. All this was kept from Rhodes, who at the time was unaware of things and slowly dying in his little cottage.

I wish to say a little about the Princess. She was the daughter of one of the greatest families in Germany, and a

The Adventures of a Medical Man

persona grata at the court of Berlin. That she became fond of Rhodes I have no doubt, and owing to this affection she took a great interest in his work in South Africa. How this all ended is a matter of history. A cheque was forged by her; no doubt she could and would make it legal, and return the money. But things hurried badly along, and she was convicted.

I met her often and found her very clever. She was not, as was said at first, an adventuress, and in the matter of the forgery, I firmly believe that she intended to settle this. She was not, as people said, imposing on the public, and using a name to which she had no claim. Her father was a Prince at the court of the Emperor of Germany and her husband was the Governor of Poland. As I said, she fully intended to return the money, but things were against her.

So ends my account of Rhodes' life. As we know, he was buried on the top of the Matoppa Hills, as he had wished: a worthy grave for him.

